NEW-YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
AND PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSALIST.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

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Original.

MISTAKES CONCERNING DEITY.

BY A. C. THOMAS.

I will appease him with the present that goeth before me, and afterward I will see his face, peradventure he will accept of me. Genesis xxxii, 20.

Jacob, having sojourned for many years in the land of Haram, departed with his family and riches to return to the land of his fathers.—His difficulty with Laban having been amicably settled at Mount Gilead, Jacob began to experience many painful misgivings concerning the feelings of his brother Esau, who abode at Seir in the land of Edom, whither he was journeying. He imagined that Esau was his enemy. The prospective meeting was to Jacob a source not only of great uneasiness, but of positive suffering. His fancy arrayed his brother in all the dreadful habiliments of vengeful hostility; and, anticipating a corresponding reception, in case conciliatory measures were delayed, he sent messengers to announce his coming—commanding them to say to Esau, "Thy *servant* Jacob" desireth to "find grace in thy sight."

The messengers returned to Jacob, saying, "We came to thy brother Esau, and also he cometh to meet thee, and four hundred men with him." This was dreadful intelligence, and "Jacob was greatly afraid and distressed." What was to be done? He doubted not that his brother was bent on destruction. His fears conjured up the most horrific scenes of bloodshed and desolation. In imagination, Esau was already at hand with the host of armed men.—To avert, if practicable, the expected doom, Jacob divided the people that were with him, and the herds, into two bands, saying, "If Esau come to the one company and smite it, then the other company which is left shall escape." Farther to prevent the awful catastrophe which he hourly expected, he prayed to the God of his fathers. One part of the prayer is exceedingly pathetic. It evinces the strong feeling of natural affection that dwelt in the heart of the terrified patriarch. "Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau; for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and *the mother with the children.*" The terrible fate that he feared awaited his family, weighed heavily on his soul. "The mother and the children" were near and dear to the husband and the father; and the full tide of affection flowed from his heart, in his touching petition to the majesty of heaven for protection. Mysterious bond! by which soul is united to soul: spirit of love! thou art stronger than death: the waters cannot quench thee: thou canst not be drowned by the floods!

To make "assurance doubly sure," Jacob made munificent selections from his flocks, and gave them in charge to his servants, commanding that they should be taken to Esau as a peace-offering. And it was with reference to this offering that Jacob said, "I will *appease him* with *the present* that goeth before me, and *afterward* I will see his face; *peradventure* he will accept of me."

What indescribable anguish must Jacob have experienced in the times of trial to which I have referred! He thought he beheld in Esau a brother filled with wrath—a brother, in whose soul the life-springs of natural affection had been dried up by the burning fever of anger.—From this supposed state of Esau's feelings the most disastrous consequences were apprehended. Jacob feared not only the destruction of his flocks, but the utter extermination of his family. His first message was one of the extremest humiliation—"Thy *servant* Jacob desireth to find grace in thy sight." Then he adopted the precautions before noticed. And then he sought to appease the wrath of his brother by a valuable present, selected from his flocks.—He could not venture to see the face of Esau, until he was assured of a favorable reception. "I will *appease* him . . . . . and *then* I will see his face." As though he had said—'It will not answer for me to enter the presence of Esau in the present excited state of his feelings. He is now my enemy. His wrath burns vehemently against me. Were I now to see his face, he would spurn me from him, and smite me even unto death. I must appease him. I must make my peace with him. I must make him my friend. I must do it speedily, else it will be forever too late.'

Such, no doubt, were Jacob's reflections.—And surely, if fear ever produced torment, Jacob was tormented. Besure, he had some *hope* that Esau would be appeased—but his *faith* was very weak. For after having sent the present, it was doubtful whether the desired effect would be produced, "*Peradventure* he will accept of me."

But it is time to state the issue. Jacob was in a cloud of darkness. He was entirely deceived concerning the feelings of his brother.—Esau felt the renovating glow of affection in his heart. He longed to welcome his long absent brother. And "Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him; and they wept."

If we can for a moment enter into the feelings of Jacob while his mind was in a state of darkness, we shall be more disposed to pity than to condemn him. His ignorance concerning the character of his brother was to him the cause of much disquietude and many perplexities.—His doubts and fears involved him in much wretchedness. Imagination, and not reality, was the cause of his suffering. For had he known that Esau loved him, he would have pursued his journey not only in peace but with joy. He would have experienced no painful anxiety about "the mother and the children." He would have felt no disposition to attempt appeasing a wrath which had no existence, nor would he have been afraid to see the face of a brother who entertained for him the most ardent fraternal affection.

Let it be distinctly remembered, that the painful consequences of Jacob's mistake were suffered while he was ignorant of the character and disposition of Esau; and that so soon as he was brought to a knowledge of the truth, those painful emotions were no longer experienced.

Also, let it be remembered, that the measures Jacob adopted to secure his family and appease the wrath of Esau were productive of no good end. His family was in no danger of destruction. The measures alluded to were prompted by fear—the object, security—the effect, torment.

Our attention will now be directed to the consideration of certain mistakes concerning Deity, which have been and still are, productive of incalculable distress in the religious world.

The Supreme Being has been, and is yet, viewed as the enemy of a part or portion of his creatures. The traditions of the elders have arrayed him in all the dreadful habiliments of vindicatory justice, and presented his general character to the children of humanity in the most terrible and revolting light. Imagination has seated the Almighty in the place of judgement, brooding in magisterial grandeur over the fancied indignities offered to his laws—whetting the sword of justice in anticipation of the moment when the sinner shall be brought to the bar—determined to pierce the trembling soul, transfix it with immortal pangs, and hurl it to the gloomy abodes of interminable wo! The ocean waves of the deep volcano of wrath, have been pictured as the dwelling place of the unregenerate—as the awful panorama presented to the view of the saints, in demonstration of the just judgements of offended Heaven!

From such representations, the natural inference has been drawn, that the Deity is the enemy of a part of his creatures—nay, that he is the enemy of *all mankind*, while they continue in a state of nature—and the friend of none excepting those who have been changed from nature to grace. And this enmity has been portrayed in all the vivid colorings that a perverted imagination could conceive, as the most efficacious means of turning the sinner from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

And what has been the consequence? The blessed Jesus, who was the *commendation* of Divine love to a sinful world, has been viewed as a *vicarious* sacrifice offered on the cross, to appease the burning wrath of an offended God! The innocent Lamb has been set forth, by an unnatural theory, as suffering the unutterably dreadful requirements of a broken law!—as bearing in his own body the punishments that violated justice demanded as satisfaction to the majesty of Heaven!

And, *on these grounds*, it has been supposed that, thro' Jesus acceptance with the Almighty is a matter of hope. Yet, notwithstanding all that has been done to satisfy Divine justice and to appease the Divine wrath, the terrible retributions of eternity are still displayed to the agonizing mind, in all their *unmitigated* horrors.—*God is still said to be the enemy of the sinner!!*

The misery endured by all who sincerely believe the sentiments to which I allude, cannot but be tormenting to the last degree. Jacob thought he beheld in Esau an inveterate foe—but his suffering from this mistake must have been comparatively trifling. From Esau there was a possibility for escape—but who may hope to escape from the searching glances of the Almighty! Esau's power to injure was confined to the limits of natural life—but the power of the Eternal! who may set limits to eternity!

Besides—Jacob could pray to the Deity for deliverance from the hand of Esau—but to whom may the sinner pray for deliverance from the hand of the *God* of Jacob? *To whom?*—

Creeds and traditions say, *To Jesus!* Yes, creeds recommend the sinner to pray to the *Son* for deliverance from the wrath of the *Father!* Tradition virtually teaches us to pray to the Mediator, saying, "Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of our Father, from the hand of God; for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the Mother with the children."

In estimating the misery consequent on viewing the Deity in the light of an enemy, care must be taken to notice the desires we naturally feel for the welfare of those whom we love.—So far as we are concerned *individually*, the teachings of the wisdom of this world, in relation to future suffering, occasion little uneasiness. The husband and father may feel satisfied that his own eternal happiness is secure, or at least that there is little danger for himself—but "the mother and the children!"—they are near and dear to his heart—they are, as it were, members of his own body—and if one member suffers, the whole frame must partake of the suffering.

O what anguish of soul must that fond parent feel, who is called to depart from earth, leaving behind him the children in whom his affections had been bound up—knowing that they will here be exposed to temptation and the blighting effects of sin—and believing that, in case they yield to temptation and become the votaries of vice, God will be to them an everlasting *fire!* The mere thought is sufficient to turn to wormwood all the joys of existence, and to add bitterness to the painful pangs of death.

The popular mistakes concerning the character of the Supreme Being, have suggested the adoption of multiform measures to appease his wrath and obtain his favorable regard. And so intent have mankind been on this subject, as almost entirely to have overlooked the innumerable testimonials of our Father's love. Perpetual kindness—a continuous series of blessings—multiplied evidences of the affectionate disposition of the Deity, have hitherto failed to convince a majority of Christian professors that "the Lord is good to all," that he is our friend and not our enemy, and that he is without variableness or even the shadow of turning.

Overlooking these precious testimonies of the Word, there are multitudes who express no small fear in prospect of meeting their God.—They talk about making their peace with him—as though he were their enemy; they inform us, that in their present condition it would be unsafe and dangerous to enter his presence—as though they were now out of his presence; they seem to think that so long as they remain in this world they are out of his reach, and it is only in view of meeting him in the invisible world, that they express much anxiety or terror. These mistakes induce them virtually to say in reference to Deity, as Jacob said in reference to Esau—"I will *appease him* with the present that goeth before me, and *afterward*, I will see his face; *peradventure* he will accept of me."

Yes, their first concern is, to appease the Deity—and then they think they may venture to see his face—then they hope to be accepted—but still, even in their own apprehension, the case is doubtful. "PERADVENTURE he will accept of me." They fear lest their faith may not be strong enough—or their works may fall short of the Divine requirements—or some other particular of like tenor disturbs their peace. They are always doubting—and a state of doubting must be a state of perplexity and suffering.

I hope I shall give no offence when I say, that such persons worship the Lord, not particularly because he is lovely in their apprehension, but because they wish to appease him, to placate his wrath, avert his displeasure, and obtain favor in his sight. Hence they affirm that, if they believed him to be as good as we tell them he is, they would not worship him! They are as grievously deceived in this particular, as they are in supposing that God is their enemy. Jacob was so far ignorant of the character and feelings of his brother, as to send a valuable present to appease a wrath which had but an imaginary existence. When he was undeceived he did not say, 'If I had known this, I would not have sent the present.' Nay, he insisted that Esau should receive it. He sent it to appease the wrath and obtain favor in the sight of his brother. But the motive was not commendable. When he found that Esau harbored no enmity *the same present* was offered, but it was offered in a very different frame of mind—the motive was entirely changed. *Fear* was the first motive—*love* was the second.

Now, they who present their vows to the Deity believing he is their enemy, would offer the same or similar vows, were they convinced that he is their friend. But the motive would be very different. *Now* they worship him through fear—*then* they would worship him through pure *love*. *Now* they worship him to appease his wrath, obtain his favor, and secure eternal blessedness; *then* they would worship him because in his nature there is no wrath to appease—because they have always been the objects of his love—and because their eternal blessedness is secured by the promises of God in Christ.

A thought here arises touching the regret Jacob must have experienced when he discovered how much injustice he had done to the character of Esau, in deeming him an enemy.—Anticipating terrible hostility, he found nothing but love. Expecting destruction, he was greeted with the most ardent affection.

And this thought may perhaps caution us to beware how we limit the benevolence of our heavenly Father. Some there are who think there is no little danger of going *too far* when speaking of the love of God. But the only danger is in *not going far enough*. We cannot speak too highly of the character of an "altogether lovely" Being. Our conceptions of his Benevolence can never exceed, but they may fall short, of the reality.

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of parchment made.
Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade—
To write the love, of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll, contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky."

Perhaps it may be said, 'If God is really so benevolent as you represent him to be, and if he has really determined to reconcile all things to himself, why should it be proclaimed to mankind? can their acquaintance with it make it any more true than it already is?'

Surely Jacob would not have reasoned thus. With what joy would he have received the intelligence, that his fears were groundless, that Esau was his friend and not his enemy! And with what gratitude should we receive the testimonies of the Word, in relation to the nature, character and purposes of our heavenly Father! Ignorance or unbelief of the good news, is the cause of much painful anxiety and many sorrows. Let the cause be removed, and the effects will cease. Let mankind be made acquainted with the beneficent character of the Supreme Being—let them open their eyes, and behold the evidences of his universal and unalterable love—let them be not faithless but believing—and all the tormenting vagaries of a diseased imagination will vanish. And the unsearchable riches of the Gospel revelation will be displayed to the wondering vision, in all their happifying influence and celestial glory. The parent will rejoice in believing, that those who are dear to him as is the apple of his eye, will be the recipients of incorruptible life. He will not pray to be delivered from the hand of his father and his God. He will the rather live joyfully in the sun-light of the Divine favor, and afterward see the face of the Almighty without any apprehension of being met by a frown.

With these views of the Divine clemency, and with the feelings they are naturally calculated to inspire, the children of humanity may glide smoothly down the current of time to the boundless ocean of eternity—reposing unlimited confidence in the wisdom, power and goodness of that unerring Pilot, who will guide the ransomed myriads of our race to the city of the New Jerusalem, the haven of eternal rest. AMEN.

CIRCULAR LETTER.

To the whole family of mankind, and especially to all believers in the doctrine of impartial grace, and universal love—the "Connecticut Association of Universalists," sendeth salutations of grace, mercy and peace, from Almighty God, and from Jesus Christ, who is Lord to the glory of God the Father.

Beloved Brethren—With hearts glowing with gratitude to almighty God for his fatherly kindness, we acknowledge that that love which has vouchsafed the final happiness of man, has been manifest unto us, in that we have been privileged with meeting under favorable auspices. We have been met by brethren from various parts of the State, who bear to us the pleasing assurance that the doctrine of a *world's* emancipation from the thraldom of sin, is progressing, is being listened to, and believed.

We are happy to announce that we have enjoyed the privilege of meeting a goodly number of the ministers of reconciliation, who seem determined, (so far as in them lies,) to declare the whole counsel of God. Six sermons were delivered on the occasion, to large and attentive congregations. Among the hearers were some whose locks were whitened with age, upon whose heads, time had sprinkled the frosts of half a century—many of them in their early life had listened to the promulgation of doctrines, alike dishonorable to God, and destructive to the peace and happiness of man. To them was the Gospel of "good news," "like cold water to a thirsty soul."

The word was listened to with devout attention, and a desire to profit by it seemed to pervade every heart. It caused us to rejoice, that the countenances of so many evinced that they were in the spirit of the "Gospel of good tidings of great joy." May the word here preached, long exert its happifying influence on all who heard it; and through them may it have a salutary effect on all with whom they associate.—O, how has our God blessed us, in giving us a knowledge of the sufficiency of his grace, and the universality of his love—truly, we can exclaim; "the Lord is good!" The praises of God, were sung with elevated affections. Much credit is due to the leader (Br. Lee) and all the choir, also to the society, who have been to the expense of procuring an organ expressly for this occasion.

The articles of the constitution were read, and accepted, individually; and the whole was unanimously adopted.

Brethren in the faith, who have unfurled the broad banner of "Universal benevolence," bearing in its folds Salvation—"Salvation to the ends of the earth;" by you much can be accomplished. Though much is said concerning the success of the cause in which we are all engaged; still we are not to lie dormant. We should endeavor to spread the word of life, "fight the good fight of faith." Let us not faint and grow weary, though the waves of persecution,

bigotry and intolerance rise mountain high, and seem ready to burst upon us, and in a moment to destroy our little bark, plunge us in despair, or land us on the barren rocks of infidelity—though we are exposed to dangers as were the disciples in the ship, and tossed upon the foaming waves, let us fear not, the Lord is our God, he will save us. Let us renew our exertion, and fight manfully, and the waves will recede before us; the mighty bulwarks which have been reared by bigotry will totter and fall; the manacles of superstition will be wrested from their deadly grasp, by the light of truth.

This light is shining into the hearts of millions of our race, and let us pray that its influence may be extended, till error and delusion, with false notions of God, shall be destroyed, and man no longer say to his brother and his neighbor, "know ye the Lord; for all shall know him from the least to the greatest." May all our movements in the great work of mental emancipation be characterized by a spirit of candor and love, and succeeded by the blessing of the Immutable Jehovah! Let our charity and benevolence show to the world that we practice the doctrine we teach. May we be known by the happy fruits of this glorious doctrine, and in all our ways adorn the doctrine of Universal love, showing ourselves a pattern of good works, and worthy defenders of the glorious cause in which we are laboring. Let our faith be firm, and with a cheerful hope we can go boldly forward, knowing that our heavenly parent will finally bring us, with all the intelligent creation, into the haven of eternal rest, to the flowery banks of the river of life; which is in the midst of the paradise of God.

And while we remember former discouragements, and difficulties; let us acknowledge with grateful hearts, the joyous anticipation our present prosperity inspires.

Let us take heed to our ways, and diligently manifest our gratitude to God by obeying his commandments, which are not grievous; love him supremely, and our brethren as ourselves. If we do this we have nothing to fear; for "If God be for us, who can be against us?" O, then let us go onward, in the pathway of duty, with the blessing of Almighty God, in that glorious hope, ("which is an anchor to the soul,") of immortal life, throughout a blissful eternity.

And now, to him, who is the Father of all, do we commend you with all the intelligent creation, knowing that he will supply all you need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

Per order, A. Case.

SHAMEFUL OUTRAGE.

The Christian Pilot of May 22d and 29th contains a statement of one of the most shameful transactions that has ever come within our knowledge, for this enlightened day and generation. It might comport with some periods of the dark ages; but shame on the professed *christian* minister who in this period of boasted light and gospel liberty, can thus intrude upon the last moments of the dying with his implements of *torture*.

The circumstances are briefly these. A Mr. Clark Dyer of Gorham, Me. died on the 4th of May, rejoicing to the last moment, in the full assurance of the final emancipation of all men from the thraldom of sin and death. During his last moments he was visited by many of his neighbors, and among the rest, by a Rev. Mr. Clark, who as will be seen below, treated him in the most rude and unchristian manner. Mr. C. gained admittance to Mr. Dyer's chamber at three different times, the first of which is described by Mr. D. in his letter. The other two visits were of the same character. The letter of Mr. Dyer follows. The Pilot says in relation to it, "It was written by the deceased, when in the last stages of a consumption, to a friend of his in the same town. We give it in his own language."

Gorham, ——, 1834.

Brother Elder—You have probably heard that parson Clark and deacon McLellan came to see me in my debilitated state; deacon McLellan treated me with civility. I had no acquaintance with Mr. Clark. I sat in the easy chair, the deacon took his seat one side of me and Mr. Clark the other. The deacon asked me some questions, and I answered him: but as Providence would have it, there was one or two of the Pilots laying on the stove before me: while the deacon and I were talking, Mr. Clark took up one of the Pilots, but as soon as he discovered that it was a Universalist paper, he slatted it down and turned to me and said, "Mr. Dyer, I beg and warn you in the fear of God, to drop that devilish doctrine which the serpent preached in the garden to our first parents. You are fast sinking down to hell, and will be the means of dragging numbers of your neighbors and townsmen down to hell with you. They will only add to your torments when you open your eyes in hell. Do acknowledge your error.'

I said, I must be convinced that I am in an error before I acknowledge it. He replied, "You don't believe one word you have said." I observed, Mr. Clark, I did not send for you, neither do I want you, and I wish you would leave my room. He said, "I know that you did not send for me, but I have come to talk to you, and I shall do it." Mother came in and asked me not to talk. She said you know what effect it has upon you. Mr. Clarke spoke up in a very abrubt manner to her and said, "*No danger of your son*, he ought to talk, and be talked to; and I have come to talk to him." Again he said, "Where is your Bible?" I told him it was in the other room. "What! not a Bible in your room!" said he. No, sir, I replied. "Where are your Testaments?" I said, Four of them are at school. "Do bring me your Bible," said he, "if you have got one." My mother handed him the large Bible. He said, "Now I will convince him that there is to be a separation."—He turned to the parable of the sheep and goats, and the rich man and Lazarus. I observed, I have read those parables and perhaps put as right construction upon them as you have. He seemed to be angry that I called them *parables*. He began to grow more abusive, and I ordered him to leave the room the second time, but he would not. I asked the deacon to take him away. The deacon said, I did not bring him here. He asked me to come down and shew him the way. Mr. Clark continued his insults; quoted a hell of fire and brimstone as the portion of the wicked, where the smoke of their torments ascended up to heaven, and he poured a few vials of wrath upon *me*. He tried every way to frighten me. The deacon then asked me if I should not like to have Mr. Clark pray. I told the deacon that I thought it a privilege as well as a duty to pray, not only for myself and little family, but that all might come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved; he said—I can pray for all—I remarked, If he could pray in *faith*, I could join him. I thought I was about to get rid of him then; but I soon found my mistake. He began his abuse again. The deacon said, Mr. Clark, Mr. Dyer said he would join you in prayer if you could pray in *faith*. Mr. Clark replied, The sin[illegible]eath I am not commanded to pray for; a[illegible]e told me he believed I had committed the unpardonable sin. He held possession of my house, and I was not able to prevent it. There was no one in the room with me but my mother, and she 76 years of age, so that we stood a poor chance. He thought of one more stratagem: he said in a mild manner to me, I have made considerable inquiry about you. I find no one that speaks ill of you, only they consider how much damage you are doing by holding up this doctrine. Now only say that you have some *doubt*, as respects the truth of the doctrine, that I may go away, and report it, and then I will let you alone. I said, If you do report *that* of me, I will report you a liar. He then sneakingly left my room, nor did he wish me well, soul or body; and did not even shut the door after him. I mentioned this to a number of his church members, but never could learn that he was called in question for the insults he gave me.

Brother Elder, I want you to tell him for me, never to try to *hire* a real Universalist again to tell a lie. He may try an age and will accomplish nothing. Brother Elder, If you get reduced to this low state that I am, and those peace destroyers visit you, keep an eye single on your *heavenly Father*, and they cannot hurt you.

Your brother in love, Clark Dyer.

To Mr. Simon Elder.

A valued Correspondent has sent us several scraps, selected from the writings of Martin Luther. Among them is the following singular genealogy of Antichrist, the Son of Hypocricy, &c. It will no doubt interest many of our readers.

THE BOOK

Of the Birth and Generation of the abominable Desolation of Antichrist, the Son of Hypocrisy, the Son of the Devil.

The devil begat Darkness, Darkness begat Ignorance, Ignorance begat Error and his brethren; Error begat Free-will and presumption, out of Self-conceit; Free-will begat Merit, Merit begat Forgetfulness of God, Forgetfulness begat Transgression, Transgression begat Superstition, Superstition begat Satisfaction, Satisfaction begat the Mass-offering, Mass-offering begat of Unction the Priest, the Priest of Unction begat Unbelief, Unbelief begat King Hypocrisy, King Hypocrisy begat Trading with Offerings for Gain, Trading for Gain begat Purgatory, Purgatory begat the Yearly Solemn Vigils, Yearly Vigils begat Church-livings, Church-Livings begat Mammon, Mammon begat Swelling Superfluity, Swelling Superfluity begat Fulness, Fulness begat Rage, Rage begat Freedom, Freedom begat Rule and Dominion, Dominion begat Pomp, Pomp begat Ambition, Ambition begat Symony, Symony begat the Pope and his Brethren, about the time of the Babylonian Captivity.

After the Babylonian Captivity, the Pope begat the Mystery of Iniquity; the Mystery of Iniquity begat Sophistical Divinity, Sophistical Divinity begat Rejecting of the Holy Scriptures, Rejecting of Holy Scriptures begat Tyranny, Tyranny begat Slaughtering of the Saints, Slaughtering of the Saints begat Contemning of God, Contemning of God begat Dispensation, Dispensation begat Wilful Sin, Wilful Sin begat Abomination, Abomination begat Desolation, Desolation begat Anguish, Anguish begat Questioning, Questioning begat Searching out of the Grounds of Truth, out of which the Desolator, the Pope, (called Antichrist) is revealed.—*Martin Luther.*

Religious Notices.

Br. C. F. LeFevre will preach in Monticello, Sul. Co. on Tuesday evening July 1st, and the two or three evenings succeeding, in such places in the vicinity as the friends may appoint.

Br. S. C. Bulkely will preach in Norwalk, Conn. on Sunday, June 8th, (to-morrow) in the Schoolhouse down town, forenoon and afternoon, and in Saugatuck, 5 o'clock P. M.

Br. N. Dodge will preach in Sing Sing, Sunday, the 8th inst. (to morrow.)

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach in Danbury the 2d Sunday in June, on an exchange with Br. Case (who will preach at North Salem;) in Saugatuck, third Sunday in June; and Longridge, fourth Sunday in June, and at Deanville in the evening.

Br. M'Laurin will preach in Middleville, N. J. on Sunday, June 8th; in Stanhope, Sunday, June 15th; in Branchville, Sunday, June 22d; in Centreville, N. Y. Sunday, June 29th; and in Monroe, Sunday, July 6th. The friends in these places will please make arrangements as to time and place.

Geo. Rogers.

DEATH OF POCAHONTAS.

Then farewell, thou earth!
And loveliest spot of earth! farewell Ionia;
Be thou still free and beautiful, and far
Aloof from desolation! my last prayer
Was for thee, my last tho'ts save one were of thee!
Sardanapolus.

One struggling sunbeam found its way alone, through the dyed panes and heavy transomes, into a small dusky chamber, where lay one whose vital spark was fluttering in its earthly tenement, about to be extinguished forever.—Within that narrow apartment all was silent as though it were the grave of her who was soon to be borne thence to the last house of poor mortality. The floor was strewed with fresh green rushes, which in that rude age, supplied the want of carpets, even in the mansions of the great; a faded curtain once of gorgeous hues and rich material, shadowed the lowly couch, on which the attenuated form slumbered, as it would seem, in that feverish and uneasy sleep which so often precedes the near approach to death, and a half expiring fire of wood was smoldering on the hearth, although the month of June was far advanced in its maturity, so needful was the aid of artificial warmth to banish the unwholesome damps contracted from the river. A wide reach of the Thames, glancing like silver to the evening sun, was visible from the windows, with the raking masts and long yard arms of a caravel, that lay at anchor in the stream, tossing against the high blue sky, as the short tides succeeded one another in quick rotation. Ever and anon the cheerful voices of the crew arose high on the light air, and at every recurrence of the sound, a shade of deep anxiety flitted across the brow of a young and noble looking man who watched beside the couch of that lovely invalid, with all of woman's care, and more than woman's love. His unchanged curls of light brown hair, and full blue eyes, were singularly contrasted by tint which had completely overspread his brows and hands, and his dress partook of the style common to the camps or courts of that period, as well as of the ruder habiliments of a settler in the wilderness. Several large chests of foreign wood banded and clasped with metal, arms of unusual materials and strange construction, were piled in the nooks of the chamber, or suspended on the walls; the bow, the hatchet, and the war club of the Indian, hung beside the musquetroon and rapier, while baskets, moccasins and girdles, decorated with simple skill by the natives of another hemisphere, were scattered among the highly prized adornments of European luxury. From time to time the limbs of the sleeper were slightly agitated, a light shudder, a convulsive groan, and now a few half uttered syllables showed that she was on the point of awakening from what might have been too surely deemed her last repose on this side of immortality. The anxious husband hung over her in that uncertain state of mingled hopes and fears, which yet exists in the bosom of affection, even when reason is convinced that hope is now but self-delusion; she has again relapsed into tranquility, when a brighter ray flashed through the drapery as it yielded to his trembling hand, and fell upon her feverish eyelids. 'John,' she whispered in musical, but foreign accents, 'dear John, is it you?' a fervent pressure of her delicate hand, was all the answer the wretched husband could return, to the endearments of his dying wife; at length he faltered forth an inquiry, the fruitlessness of which his sickened spirit perceived too well; he spoke of happier days to come, of the influence which might be exercised upon her spirits and health by the free atmosphere of her native land, to which he trusted they would be restored in safety before a second moon should wane.—'Never,' she replied in soothing yet sorrowful tones, 'never shall I again behold the shores of my own lovely land! even now the spirit is fluttering within my breast, ere it shall wing its flight to the land of souls. Raise me up, John, that I may look once more upon the bright sun, who is journeying at this very moment towards the country of my fathers.' Silently he performed her bidding, and as he drew the curtain, to permit her eyes to look abroad for the last time upon the beautiful face of nature, the sunlight fell upon the tawny features of an Indian. Dark, however, as were those features, there was a world of thought in the smooth high forehead, unshadowed by a single tress of the raven locks, that were simply braided round her classic head. Eyes still swimming in unutterable tenderness; although the mists of death were gathering fast around them, a mouth which might have rivalled in its voluptuous curve the smile of her of Medicis, and a form, which though wasted from the fullness of its exquisite proportions by protracted illness, yet bore the traces of loveliness, would have rendered her, before the evil days had come upon her, a dangerous beauty of European climes. Long and wistfully she watched the declining luminary, while her husband, undaunted as he proved himself in scenes of the most terriffic danger, completely overpowered by the sense of his approaching misery, bowed his head upon his hands and wept aloud. It seemed, however, as if there was some spell connected with the sinking of the day god, which had riveted her imagination on the skies, for, devotedly as she loved the pale faced youth to whom she had plighted her troth in the far forests of the west, she had neither eyes or ears for his sufferings, till the last verge of that disk had disappeared behind the hills of Kent. 'He is gone,' she whispered after a painful pause, 'gone to bless the land of my birth with his presence, to look down upon the lodges of my people, and upon the bones of my fathers! He is gone, and when he shall again shine upon the white dwelling of my husband, Pocahontas will be in the land of spirits.' 'But shame to thee, John,' she continued, 'is it thus that a warrior such as thou art, should look on that which he can neither overcome by force, nor escape by cunning. Thou hast often told me how He, who hath been my Savior, for that he was thine, died that all might live forever. Thou hast told me that the pure of heart, and the humble-minded, whatever may be the color of their skin, shall be united beyond the tomb, in happiness that shall have no end, and love that shall have no separation. All this hast thou told me, dearest, and all this have I believed! Can it be, that thou hast told me that which thou believest not thyself, that thou hast taught the Indian girl to forsake the Great Spirit of her fathers, for a God whom thou dost not thyself adore? Or can it be that thou hast not strength to bow thyself to that submission, which thou dost preach to others. Oh! my husband, if thou dost indeed believe we shall meet again, wherefore is thy heart heavy, and thine eyes full of the tears of the girls?'

While she was yet speaking the door was slowly opened, and a tall and stately figure silently stole into the chamber of death. His bearing was that of a man to whom war had been a sport; his swarthy brow, scarred by the sabres of the Moslem, and bearing yet more recent traces graven by the ruder implements of savage warfare, was shaded with hair so blanched by years of toil, that its original color could be no longer discovered; yet there was no symptom of decay in his erect carriage and sinewy limbs. It was Smith, the sword and buckler of Virginia—Smith the founder and sole supporter of English dominion in America. It was Smith, who thus contrary, as it seemed, to the ordinary course of human events, looked down in bitter but self-restrained sorrow upon the premature decease of the loveliest daughter of the wilderness. When his mind recurred to the free and sportive being, who, just bursting into womanhood, had cast herself down beside him on the block; who at the hazard of her own life, a life which sorrow had not then embittered—had preserved him from a cruel and protracted death—when he remembered her unchanged affection, manifested by a thousand benefits, proved in adversity and strengthened by affliction—when he thought that perhaps but for himself, who had projected her alliance with the young and gallant Rolf, this amiable being now fading before his eyes, in uncomplaining agony, might yet have been carolling free and happy, as when he first beheld her, in her unconquered wildness; his high heart sank within him, and for a moment he almost felt himself to be the murderer of her who had so nobly, so devotedly rescued him, the foeman of her race, from the very fate to which his policy had doomed, as it would seem, his sweet preserver. But again—when he listened to the pure and lofty morality which in this dark hour flowed in natural eloquence from her lips, when he heard her own steadfast trust upon the Rock of ages, better and happier reflections occupied his mind; and there was an illumination as of joy upon his passionless features, as he drew near the death bed of one whom he loved as a father loves his only begotten child.—"Well hast thou spoken, my daughter," said the old man: "and even as thou behovest, so shall it be to thee!" "Father," she replied, "I am going—and I believe I feel that you have taught me truly. Father, for the life I gave to thee in that dear land which I must never more behold, cherish and love, and be a father to this my husband, as thou hast been to me.—My little son too, teach him to love and honor the Great Being, who has dried up all my tears and given me the power to part from those for whom alone I have lived, without despair—so may we all once more be joined together never again to part. Husband—thou wilt not forget the Indian girl, who left her home, her father and her god, to follow in the steps of a stranger; simple and artless have I been, unskilled in the graces of pale faced dames; but thou art my witness, husband, that I have never loved but thee. Rememberest thou the cool shadow of the pine, beneath whose canopy I first beheld my lord? And wilt thou not bear my bones to that valley—wilt thou not sometimes lead thine Indian boy to the grassy tomb of his mother; and oh! above all, wilt thou not love him for my sake dearest; and if he offend thee at any time, bethink thee that his mother offended NEVER! If the hapless ignorant Indian should bend the bow, or raise the hatchet against thee, remember that he was the countryman, the kinsman of her whom thou lovest once; whom thou wilt love always;—wilt thou not, husband?—Mine eyes grow dim, and my breath fails me—give me thine hand—thou art going from me, husband! my country—dearest, thou wilt not forget my country?'

We should accustom ourselves to view those above us, without admiration or envy, and never look upon those below us with contempt.—Little souls fall down and worship grandeur without reflecting that admiration is due only to virtue and goodness. Let not the pomp which surrounds the great, mislead your understanding. The prince, so magnificent in the splendor of a court, appears behind the curtain but a common man. Irresolution and care haunt him as well as others, and fears lay hold of him, though surrounded by his guards.

The outspread Bible of earth, air, sea and sky, is one that all may read, about which none can differ, since every leaf exhibits in unchanging and indelible characters, the might, majesty, and mercy of the Creator.

When religion takes up its habitation in a man's face, it is generally a tenant for life, and seldom travels low enough to reach his heart.

MESSENGER & UNIVERSALIST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1834.

☞ The "*Young Men's Universalist Institute*" meet every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, in a hall situated at the N. E. corner of the first alley in 8th street, below Walnut, Philadelphia. Entrance from the alley.

ORDINATION.

The ordination of Br. Albert Case, will take place at the Universalist Church in Danbury, on Wednesday, the 11th day of June next. The senior editor of this paper, (Br. Sawyer,) is expected to deliver the ordination sermon.—Ministering brethren, generally, are affectionately invited, by the Society, to attend and join in the services of the occasion.

LOST HIS RELIGION.

Br. M'Lauren, whose conversion to Universalism was recently mentioned in the Messenger, was formerly the resident Methodist minister of Pennington, N. J. When Wm. Hunter Bull, who, untill a few months since, occupied that station, was informed of the change in Br. M'Lauren's faith, "Ah," said he, "*M'Lauren has lost his religion!*"

By instituting an inquiry into the nature of the change adverted to, we shall be enabled to determine in what the religion of Br. Bull consists.

Br. M'Lauren still believes in God, in Jesus Christ, in the Bible, in adequate rewards and punishments, in the forgiveness of sins, in the resurrection from the dead, and in an immortal existence for all mankind.

Formerly, however, he believed in Christ as the Savior of a *part* of the human family; *now* he "testifies that the Father sent the Son to be the Savior of *the world*," and that "the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hands." This enlargement of Br. M's faith conclusively proves that he has lost his religion! Religion, then, consists in limiting the salvation of God—and every man is irreligious in exact proportion to the number he believes will be saved! A belief in universal salvation is, consequently, the climax of irreligion!

Formerly Br. M. believed in the eternal existence of the Devil and of sin; *now* he believes that the Devil shall be *destroyed* with all his works, Heb. ii, 14. 1 John iii, 8. This proves that he has lost his religion—for the Devil is a prominent pillar in the temple of wholesome orthodoxy! And how can any man be religious without a Devil!

Formerly Br. M. believed in an endless hell; *now* he is satisfied that the Bible teaches "the restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began." Consequently, he has lost his religion—for how can any man be religious without believing in endless misery! "Other foundation [for religion] can no man lay than that is laid" by the Doctors of Divinity, namely, interminable wo! A man surely cannot be religious, without believing in the endless perdition of a part of mankind, which the serpent hath spoken by the mouth of all his unholy prophets since the world began!

But, seriously, is it not strange, passing strange, that any professing christian can pretend, that religion is based in a limitation of the mercy of God, and in a belief in the endless existence of the devil and of hell-torments! From my heart I pity the man who can entertain such grovelling, degrading, contracted, and unworthy views of "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God."

Br. M'Lauren has lost his religion! A. C. T.

CONVERSION OF THE HEATHEN.

Whoever has been conversant at all with orthodox journals for years past, must be fully aware of the very flattering aspect which has constantly been put upon missionary operations in heathen countries—how the light of truth and christianity was bursting in upon the dark and benighted minds of the poor pagans, through the faithful and persevering efforts of those self-denying soldiers of the cross who have forsaken kindred, friends, and all the conveniences and pleasures of social life, through their love for, and interest in, the salvation of precious immortal souls. From the obvious import of their reports, a great moral change is already taking place, there is every thing to encourage; and if christians would only do their duty, (that is, empty their pockets into the missionary fund,) the universal conversion of the heathen would be *certain*, as well as almost *instantaneous*—such a magic is there pertaining to *cash*, in popular religion, as well as in almost every other nameable thing.

We, it is true, have frequently been sceptical, from necessity, on these glowing representations of missionary success. We have felt it highly important for them to first make pure the fountain at home, before they could attempt to improve the condition of the heathen, (or even secure respectful attention,) with any kind of prospect of success. But there are others who are prepared to swallow every high-wrought representation—to answer every appeal, and contribute dollar after dollar in almost endless succession, with the vain hope that in the final consummation of all things they will witness glorified and happy spirits thronging the streets of the New Jerusalem, made holy and happy through the potency of a few paltry dollars and cents deposited in a missionary box here below. And although facts, plain, unequivocal facts are constantly presenting themselves, showing that with the millions of money already expended on Missions to the heathen, there is not the least improvement, or next to none, in their moral character or state, these people appear to be totally blind to them all. And even seemingly bent upon becoming still greater dupes.

Among other things which it seems to us ought to arrest the attention of the reflecting, and lead them to institute one serious inquiry into the *utility* of thus lavishing thousands and millions of dollars, is the concession (from active friends of these measures) found in the following article. We copy it from a limitarian paper of this city. The remarks are predicated upon the arrival recently of twelve *daughters* of Missionaries from Ceylon and Bombay. The writer presents us the reasons for sending them to this country, as follows:

"1. *Why are they sent to this country?* First and principally, because of the corrupting moral influence of the native population upon their minds and character.

2. The impracticability of their being suitably educated, unless the missionaries turn aside from their appropriate work for this purpose.

3. Want of employment in India, whereby they can be useful and obtain the means of subsistence; and consequently

4. Habits of indolence, almost necessarily acquired, which the nature of the climate and the condition of the native population, conspire to promote. And unless prepared for and prosecuting missionary work, the probability is, that they and their children will sink into the degeneracy of the heathen."

Is it possible? After years upon years of labor, and thousands upon thousands of dollars have been expended, in the missionary field, after having had statement upon statement of the rapid advance of christianity among the heathen, and its glorious triumphs over their superstitions and idolatry, has it actually come to this, that it is absolutely necessary for Missionaries to send their daughters to christian lands, "*because of the corrupting moral influence of the native population upon their minds and character*"? Are "habits of indolence" there "almost necessarily acquired," and are Missionaries themselves, as well as "their children," directly liable to "sink into the degeneracy of the heathen"? Then, indeed, we think wisdom would dictate as speedy a return of them all, as possible—*missionaries* as well as *daughters*.

It is a melancholly reflection, that after all the combined efforts of the limitarian world, after all the cheering views of success which have been successively presented to community as an inducement for them to *give, give, give!* to this all-absorbing object, the moral degradation of society there is so great, that the very atmosphere, as it were, is contagious! And it is still more melancholly that with the multitude of evidence there is of the utter hopelessness of modern efforts for christianizing the world, men of sane minds can be found who will continue to contribute to such an object.

We should rejoice greatly to see the world truly christianized, but we despair of ever seeing it effected by the popular views of religion. The doctrine of endless misery has had its influence for centuries, and oppression and blood-shed has thus far followed in its train. And it must ever continue thus. *Men can never become virtuous through the fear of hell.* The slave may *cringe* under the lash of the unfeeling task-master, but he will never be induced to *love* him, from the stripes inflicted. And we think it high time some other motive to virtuous action should be presented. Exhibit to men love and kindness and you awaken a like principle in their own breasts. There is no cord so powerful as the "silken cord of love." With it you may lead the untamed savage where you list, and with it rule the destinies of nations. Inspire men with gratitude to God as their preserver and benefactor, and you at once secure obedience to his laws and requirements, which is no less than to be virtuous and happy.

Let missionaries, then, go to the heathen with the meekness and charities of the gospel of Christ, and they will not long have occasion to complain of "the corrupting moral influence of the native population." But above all let them first set their own house in order. Let them first convert the heathen in their own land, in their own circles and families. Let them expunge from their own creeds long cherished heathenish notions and traditions, and then they will be prepared to go forth into the field of labor with clean hands and pure hearts, to *practice* as well as *preach*. And then, too, would a christian community be saved from the painful retrospect, (which must sooner or later come,) of having squandered millions in worse than useless charities abroad, while they had the poor famishing at home. P.

ITEMS OF INTELLIGENCE.

On the journey of the brethren to attend the Potter Conference, meetings were held in several places. Also on their journey homeward. On Monday evening, May 19, Br. Le Fevre preached at Hightstown. The same evening A. C. T. preached in the school-house in New Egypt, and Br. S. W. Fuller in a school-house near Br. Meirs'. On Tuesday evening, Br. Fuller preached at Toms River Village, and A. C. T. on Wednesday evening. On Thursday evening, Br. Le Fevre preached at Hightstown; Br. Fuller in New-Egypt, and Br. Asher Moore in the school-house near Br. Meirs'. All these meetings were well attended—some of them to overflowing—with devout hearers of the word of truth. Invitations for brethren to preach the Gospel at Bordentown, Recklesstown, and various other places in that vicinity, are rapidly multiplying, and with an urgency which we feel no disposition to resist. The Lord prosper the good work. May he build up Zion, and appear in his glory.

On Saturday evening and on Sunday, I enjoyed another opportunity to preach the good word to the inhabitants of Pennington and the region round about. We believe the testimony was welcomed to the understanding and affections of those who heard it. People came a distance of many miles, and some, we trust, returned rejoicing, and others inquiring. May the salvation of our God continue to go forth as the brightness of a morning without clouds. And may he who maketh the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice, illumine the world of mankind with the knowledge of his truth. A. C. T.

CHRISTIAN (?) COURTESY.

Under this head we gave last week a specimen of the anti-christian treatment we too frequently receive from our opposers, which was copied by the Trumpet from the Boston Recorder, an orthodox paper. There was another article immediately connected with the one we copied which we intended to have placed along with it, but it was crowded out, and we therefore copy it below. After remarking upon the extract from the Recorder as published in our last, Br. Whittemore observes—"In order to show our readers with how much propriety the orthodox may complain of the treatment they receive from Universalists, we here give publicity to a brief notice of a sermon delivered last week, in Mr. Braman's meeting house, in Danvers, by his coadjutor Mr. M'Clure, of Malden. The reader will inquire whether there is any thing like the 'knock down,' the 'impudent,' the 'vulgar,' the 'filthy,' in it. When *scavenger* Cooke gets a little leisure, we wish he would take a journey to Malden, and see if his services are not wanted at the new orthodox church in that town. There is some excuse for Mr. M'Clure—he has too much *zeal* for his *judgment*. He ought to be advised. His prudent friends in Malden, who have often been put to the blush by his indiscretions, will feel the force of these remarks."

It is only necessary to acquaint our readers that Mr. M'Clure is the author of a work issued a year or two since, disgraceful to the *christian* profession, and which much resembled in character that notorious publication, the "Christian Soldier," which was so infamous that it forfeited the respect and patronage of its own party, and to the columns of which, we believe, Mr. M'Clure was a liberal contributor. If Mr. M'C. can derive any satisfaction from wallowing in such filth and mire, we certainly shall not grudge him his enjoyment. The following is the notice alluded to by Br. Whittemore. P.

Rev. Mr. M'Clure preached in Mr. Braman's meeting house on April 15th from Psalm lv, 21,

on the candor, liberality and piety of Universalists. The first sentiment he uttered in relation to Universalists was, that Balfour, Ballou and Rayner were old orthodox ignorant church members, spewed up out of orthodox churches, not fit to be called church members, and then they fled to Universalism; and Balfour was a poor Scotch renegado. That a greater part of the suicides and homicides committed in this commonwealth were Universalists, (that is a fact.) That a certain Paige, a jackall from the Universalist jungle has undertaken to shelter the Universalists under some scraps of old orthodox writers, detached from their publications, which were published in favor of future retribution, (some, like the bird who fought with another, and hid his head under the other's wing to save it from his spurs.) That two thirds of the drunkards in the land were Universalists, and as far as he could obtain information, two thirds of all the states prison convicts were also Universalists. Balfour is so deep that Universalists in general cannot understand him when he preaches, and at the same time so insignificant that Professor Stuart will not notice him.

AFFAIRS AT DANBURY.

A friend in Danbury, Conn. writes us that the Rev. Mr. Norton, of this city, occupied a very conspicuous station in the revival measures which have been prosecuted with much zeal in that place for a few weeks past.

It is a somewhat singular trait in these revivals, that stated Pastors can never move the spirit of wrath, and lash it into a proper degree of fury. They may deal out their threatenings and denunciations till the very *posts* of their Churches tremble, and their *hearers* will sit Sabbath after Sabbath as careless and unconcerned as statues. But let one of the choice spirits, whose business it is to travel the country fanning excitements, come along, and commence his measures of extravagance, (and as we think, blasphemy,) and a scene of confusion and terror is almost sure to follow him, scarcely equalled by that in the train of some awful whirlwind that has swept through the country. This is generally the consequence through their own circle of influence—in their own societies.

There are many in community, we are happy to say, who can stand unmoved amid all this noise and confusion, except by feelings of pity and regret, that rational creatures can thus prostitute the noble faculties which God has bestowed upon them. And this number, we have reason to think, is rapidly increasing. At all events, more desperate measures are evidently deemed necessary in every succeeding effort, and these all the while seem to be attended with less and less favorable effects to the actors therein.—We cannot wish them otherwise than a continuation of this retrogade ratio, until they become convinced of the necessity of appealing to the judgements of men, rather than their fears, if they wish to improve the moral aspect of community.

Among other things we are informed that Mr. N. while at Danbury, gave notice that he should deliver a Lecture on Sunday evening to Young Men. All supposed that it was to be on religious topics solely, but the result proved it more a political farce than otherwise, Mr. N. taking the opportunity to stigmatize Jefferson with the name of Infidel, &c., cautioning the young men of Danbury to beware of patterning after him, &c. &c. The writer observes, "If these are the principles of your Revivalists in New-York, we wish your city officers would see that they range on their own common."

Our friends in Danbury must abide the revival storm calmly. After the electric fluid has become spent, the sky will again be seen to brighten. P.

INQUIRER AND ANCHOR.

Br. I. D. Williamson gives notice in the last Religious Inquirer and Gospel Anchor, that he has purchased the interest in that paper heretofore the property of Br. H. G. Grew. From and after the 1st of July the paper will be in his hands, and he pledges every exertion to make "it what it should be, as an advocate of that Gospel which breathes *peace* on earth and good will to men." Success attend him.

A letter from a worthy brother in Providence R. I. gives a very favorable account of the prospects of the Universalist Society in that city. They have now about 100 church members. Water baptism is administered when requested, either by sprinkling or immersion, and the Lord's Supper administered monthly. The Church organization is open and free, persons being admitted as members who conscientiously dissent from the observance of either or both of these rights. They have a Sunday School of 120 Scholars with a Library of 400 vols. There is also a Library attached to the Society of 350 vols. of moral and religious books. The writer says they experience little open opposition but much that is intended to be secret. We cannot but rejoice greatly in the multiplied evidences we are receiving, on every hand, of the continued extension of those views which acknowledge God as the *Father* of the spirits of all flesh, and mankind as brethren. P.

☞ Our obliging friend in Richland, N. C. is informed that his letter with the inclosure came safe, and is credited as he desired. We thank him for his expressions of encouragement and approbation and join with him most heartily in the acknowledgement of our unbounded obligations to the giver of all good, for the cheering prospects we are permitted to enjoy of the rapid spread of our doctrine through the land.

ANOTHER PAPER.

Another new paper has just reached us. It is entitled "*Christian Telescope*," and is published semi-monthly at Thomaston, Me. at 50 cents per ann. in advance. John Ramsey, publisher, N. C. Fletcher, editor. Verily this is "an age of" papers, and if the prosperity of our cause is to be measured by the accumulation of these "Heralds" of the word, its success is unparalleled. May the result show that they can all be abundantly sustained—in their character, as well as business.

[FOR THE MESSENGER AND UNIVERSALIST.]

A TOUR.

Br. PRICE—I owe you an apology, that I have not written to you sooner. By the good providence of God, I arrived at Montrose on the 3d instant, (May.) I had resolved to embrace the earliest opportunity to write; such, however, have been the circumstances in which I found myself and my affairs, that my time has been wholly occupied. My appointments were to be attended, and preparations to be made for those labors. My friends, anxious to see and converse with me, were to be waited on. In the event of the discontinuance of my labors here, and removal hence, the necessary arrangements were to be made. And besides, Br. S. Ashton, of Philadelphia, who has lately commenced preaching, has made us a visit in these parts, and needed some attentions from myself, to introduce his acquaintance with the brethren. These, and other circumstances too numerous to mention, constitute my apology for the appearance of neglect.

Journals, have of late become considerably in vogue; and where a tourist is a careful observer of passing events and circumstances—takes pains to collect information on those things which are new and curious—has judgement to arrange, and time to reflect; a narration of his journey may be interesting. Although for the want of these accompaniments an account of my tour may be interesting to none but myself, yet I venture to submit it to you, and if you deem it worthy of a place in your columns, you are at liberty to give it to your readers. And here let me premise—although most of your readers might expect to find almost every circumstance, suggesting some moral reflection or religious remark; and although you yourself might perhaps be better pleased with something more directly suiting the genius and design of your paper; yet, I choose not to be fastidious, and trust that my dry, narrative style, and matter of fact relation of the incidents of my journey, if not calculated to convince in religious theory or instruct in moral science, will at least relieve the mind from the tedium of argumentative discussion, and from wearisome speculations upon opinions and creeds.

Presuming upon your indulgence, I shall in the remainder of my long epistle, consider myself as addressing your readers, my friends at large, instead of yourself.

And here we will apprise the reader, that in taking this journey we had several objects in view. We were desirous of seeing several places which we had not visited—procuring a few books which we could not get in the country—forming an acquaintance with several preachers of whom we had heard 'by the hearing of the ear'—and of improving if possible our health. But in our original design, we connected not that of writing a sketch of our travels Hence, in writing, we trust more to our memory than to our 'note book.'

We started from Montrose on the 19th of March. And as we proposed to visit Philadelphia, we passed through the pleasant valley of the Susquehanna, from Tunkhannock to Wilkesbarre. And although we saw or heard but little, that in a religious point of view would be interesting, (from the hurry of our course, being in a stage coach,) we were still highly pleased and gratefully affected, with the lively green of nature's garniture, which displayed itself in fields of grass and grain, and yards of flowery shrubs and plants, so elegantly arranged and faithfully nursed by female ingenuity and care Even at that early season, we there saw as much of the influence of spring, as we saw elsewhere, four weeks later. Among the objects of interest to the traveller, might be mentioned the Monument now being erected in the Wyoming valley, as well to perpetuate the names of some of the philanthropists and martyrs in the cause of humanity and liberty, as the fierce and bloody contest, which cut off by the hands of the red foe-man, hundreds of our peaceful citizens, leaving their bones to bleach on the hills and in the vales. We could, in fancy, look around and behold the fields of the slain—hear the winds sighing with their groans, and the mountains echoing with the yells of mockery and savage triumph. But the days of warfare are over, and the descendants and kindred of those valient, but unfortunate men, still live in the vicinity of that majestic stream, which bears wealth on its bosom, beauty and abundance on its borders, surrounded by happiness and joy.

From Wilkesbarre we took our course to Nazareth, in the vicinity of Easton, passing over the Pokona mountains This for miles is a most dreary and barren waste. Here we beheld mountains stretching themselves far as the eye can see—huge rocky piles, grand and sublime, thrown together as by the hand of God.

Southward of the Wind-gap, in the blue mountains, again every thing appeared delightful. Added to the early spring of vegetation, and the apparent fertility of the soil, the neatness and wealth which were visible around the dwellings and out-houses of the inhabitants, spoke high in favor of the industry and virtuous toil, of the hardy German race who reside there.

We arrived at Philadelphia, towards evening of the third day. Here we found our truly devoted brethren, A. C. Thomas and S. W. Fuller, in good health and spirits We were received by them with the utmost cordiality and friendship. Through them we obtained an introduction to several members of their societies, with whom we formed an agreeable acquaintance. We were politely invited, and readily accepted the invitation, to make several afternoon and evening visits. Never did we enjoy ourself better. We were peculiarly struck with the affability and social character of the people. No fastidious reserve, but an easy familiarity, seems to distinguish them. A respectful attention to a stranger, a desire to receive information on the affairs of the country, a readiness to communicate all needful intelligence of their city, all that can awaken interest or gratify curiosity, all that can fascinate in the refined and social circle, touch the heart with friendship, or make a man feel himself at home, is found in the 'city of brotherly love.'

Besides the joys of social intercourse, they delight to turn their attention from the cares and bustle of business, and the delusive displays of fashion, to the sublime entertainments of the gospel. It is well known to many of our friends abroad, that our universalist brethren in this place, have two very commodious and spacious houses of public worship. Br. F. performs his services in the house situated in Callowhill-st., and Br. T. in the Lombard-st. church.—In the latter, the venerable John Murray, and Elhanan Winchester, and I know not but others, preached the boundless mercy and unchanging love of God, and the salvation of our race; when the light which then beamed upon our land, in comparison with its present lustre, was like the morning star which breaks the empire of night, to the glory of a risen sun. In both of these houses, we ourself were permitted to raise our feeble voice, and were listened to with that respectful attention, which we expected from the known character of the citizens of the place, from enlightened and sincere brethren and sisters in the faith, and which the importance of

the subject demanded. Our services were well attended, and our heart encouraged by their liberality. We learned that their congregations, though usually numerous, are increasing. Our cause there is in truly a flourishing condition. We may well say that additions are made by *scores* to the number of their members, and a general engagednesss and attention prevails. We mention one thing of those societies, not only by way of commendation, but as worthy to be imitated by all our societies, especially in cities and villages. And that is, their Sunday schools.—They are well furnished with books, judiciously conducted, and promotive of much good to the cause, and especially to the rising generation. We forbear to mention in this place the numerous curiosities and public works which engaged our own attention, and are worthy of that of every stranger.

After remaining a week in the city, we again started on our journey. We took breakfast in Philadelphia, and arrived in New-York about half past 2 o'clock P. M. We performed this part of our tour, up the Delaware by steamboat to Bordentown; thence by Rail Road through New Jersey to Amboy; and thence by steamboat to the city. On landing, we soon found our way through the hundreds of coaches, carts, &c. and the throng of male and female pedestrians, along Broadway and Chatham-street, to the office of the Christian Messenger. We introduced our humble self to Br. Price, its able conductor, and found in him a warm hearted and faithful friend. Here also we fell in with Br. Sawyer. In these two amiable and interesting families, we found ourself very much at home, partook with gratitude of the hospitalities of their board, and were more than entertained with their unrestrained conversation. In company with Br. P. we visited Br. S. J. Hillyer and family, at Brooklyn, and tarried thro' the night. We also found our Br. Le Fevre, who had recently removed to New-York, to take charge of the 3d Universalist Society in that city. We also saw Br. M'Lauren from New-Jersy, who has already been announced to the public, as a convert from partialism, and another accession to the ministry from those ranks.

In New-York, although we had taken a severe cold, and labored under the inconvenience of a sore throat, and other difficulties; still we attempted to speak to the congregation which convened in the Orchard-street Church, on the forenoon of Sunday; and in the afternoon to the people meeting in the Greenwich Church, as also in the evening. The brethren ministering in those churches, may truly be said, to be in doctrine uncorrupt, of 'sound speech that cannot be condemned.' And notwithstanding the apparent waning of the cause of truth in that city a few years ago, now, blessed with the labors of two ministers so well qualified, so prudent, yet so indefatigable and uncompromising, aided by the zeal and devotion of Br. P. and his *Christian* Messenger, our zion in that place is 'lengthening her cords, and strengthening her stakes.' The plague of skepticism, which recently so fearfully raged, we believe is in some measure stayed; and it is hopeful, moral health will again be restored.

After tarrying about a week in that emporium of wealth, and grand mart of our country, we found it necessary to proceed onward, in order to fulfil an appointment which through Br. Thomas had previously been sent on for the next Sabbath, in the vicinity of Boston. It was our intention to have gone through Connecticut, visit her cities, call on our brethren in that region, and spend a week in the 'land of steady habits.' This, our approaching engagement prevented. We accordingly took the steamboat for Providence, Thursday, 5 o'clock, P.M. We landed at Providence the next morning, soon after breakfast, thence by stage we were conveyed to Boston, by half past 3 o'clock P. M.; and were set down at No. 40 Cornhill-street. Here we presented our letters of introduction to Br. G. W. Bazin, the printer of that excellent paper, the Trumpet and Magazine. Through him we obtained an introduction to Br. S. Streeter. His church members held a meeting that evening in their vestry room.—Here again, wearied as we were by the bustle and jaunt of 250 miles travel in a little over 22 hours, we yielded to the pressing solicitation of Br. S., and attempted, *in our way*, to vindicate the glorious truths of our cause.

The next day we went to Br. Everett's, in Charlestown, with whom we had hitherto enjoyed a pleasing acquaintance, and were again rejoiced to renew our former familiarities. With him and his family we made it a sort of home—welcomed to the hospitalities of their house, assisted and accompanied by him in short excursions through that really charming vicinity. We went on to Bunker Hill, celebrated as the place of the commencement of the revolutionary struggle, where once the blood of a Warren was poured out as on the altar of his country's liberty. Heaven accepted the sacrifice, and in His own due time sent down peace. On that hill, there is now a monument in a state of progress, designed to perpetuate the names of those slain there, their deeds of daring, their tragical deaths, and the importance of the event in our nation's history.

(*Conclusion next week.*)

[FOR THE MESSENGER AND UNIVERSALIST.]

Strange as it may appear to our friends abroad, our Presbyterian brethren in this village, (Danbury) have for many days been engaged in the most indefatigable exertions, to propagate the doctrine of Universal Salvation! Don't smile, kind reader, for I mean to make good my assertion. Six and seven meetings in the course of twenty-four hours are held—no hour too late, and none too early, to call forth the mental and physical powers in the great work of "soul saving." No business so important but may be "laid on the table," for days in succession, to make room for their Jehu "zeal for the Lord." The divine command, "six days shalt thou labor," though as binding and peremptory as any in the decalogue, is wholly absorbed in the "more weighty matter" of *saving poor perishing souls* from the vengeance of a God, "in whom they live, move, and have a being!" And so untiring and fervent is their zeal, that they would feign "go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." Young Missionary candidates, whose zeal supplies all deficiency of knowledge, are most kindly tendering their services to *gallant* to the mercy seat of Calvinism, while the day of grace remaineth, married females of other denominations, who "have not so learned Christ Jesus." Troops are rallied from all parts of the circumjacent country, and fresh orders hourly issued for more. Fire and brimstone, like a volcanic eruption, are laving their way from the preceptor's mouth. The terrors of the law reverberate through our streets, depicting the horrors of Sinai's perturbed top. The vials of wrath are poured out upon all "*Infidelity*," (anti-orthodoxy.) Injunctions are issued from the pulpit, enjoining upon the *Church* to "pray and beseech the Almighty to disregard the prayers of sinners!"

And why, dear reader, think you all this blowing and fanatical rant? You must be told that a Universalist preacher has recently been employed, and is soon to be ordained in the village,—not a Universalist of the Calvinistic stamp, but one who thinks it more of

"Gospel, grace and grandeur,
To preach Christianity than slander."

One who promulgates the love of God to sinners; that "Christ died for the ungodly;" that "God was in Christ reconciling the *world* to Himself; that He "will have all men to be saved, and come unto the *knowledge of the truth*." And here let me pause, to ask what kind of *salvation* can result to the recipient of *endless damnation*, by coming to the "*knowledge of the truth?*" We preach "love as the fulfilling of the law"—that paternal love, which "casteth out fear," while it commandeth reverence. But our Limitarian brethren are so unfortunate as to differ with us regarding the *means*, for accomplishing the same *end;* hence the thunders of Sinai, the terrors of hell, the vengeance of the law, and the wrath of God, are profusely dealt out, as the *gospel* or *good sayings* of him who dwelt in the bush, to a gaping multitude, who "have eyes and see not, ears and hear not, hearts, but do not understand," that God from eternity was the sinner's friend; and that His love is as immutable as His unchanging nature. And when the sinner is brought to "the knowledge of this truth," he is "saved from his sins."

But go on, brethren; *save* all you can, in your own way. If you have any so obdurate, that the "Grace of God," cannot *fuse*, saturate them with your visionary hell-fire, and the vehemence of the law—melt them in your own furnace, and mould them to your own views; but beware in the process, you do not "make them two-fold more the children of hell, than before." Let them know that "the law curses for the least transgression," and that that curse is endless misery; and that "sin is the transgression of the law," and also that *they* have *sinned* and come short of the glory of God."

But I am to show that our zealous Limitarian friends are propagating the truth of universal salvation. Do they not contend that their faith is *strictly* a saving faith? Yes. Are they not untiring in their efforts to extend and propagate this faith throughout the habitable globe, and bring it home to the reception of every rational creature? Yes. What would be the effect of a universal reception of such faith? Why, as its qualities produce salvation to its recipients, universal salvation would be as inevitable as consequence to cause. So that a universal belief in the doctrine of *endless misery*, produces by the fairest construction, a salvation as universal as its influence and reception! Consequently, were it universally believed, its heathen foundation would be sapped, by the very means employed to prop the rotten fabric—its direful dogmas, transubstantiated into the glorious and sublime *truth* of universal redemption and salvation! "Let the heavens rejoice, and the earth be glad, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

Go on brethren—"Ye can do nothing against the *truth*, but for the *truth*." PHILANTHROPUS.

Danbury, May 28, 1834.

CONFERENCE AT BRANCHVILLE.

Br. PRICE—Having waited patiently but in vain for a notice from some other brother of the Conference held at Branchville, on the first Saturday and Sunday in May, you will not think me presumptuous in just alluding to it. Although I attended many Conferences while a Limitarian, I derived more satisfaction at the one in Branchville, than I ever experienced from all the rest taken together. It is true there were but few preachers present, but those few appeared to possess much of the spirit of their Master—the spirit of *Love*. Br. Ashton preached on Saturday afternoon. He is a promising young man, and bids fair to be a blessing to the Church, Br. Messenger preached Saturday evening; myself on Sunday morning, and Br. Messenger again on Sunday afternoon, followed by Br. Rodgers. It afforded me great pleasure in listening to these brethren. Truly my soul was fed, my mind enlightened, and my heart benefitted. On Sunday our congregation was large, respectable and attentive. Our prospects there are good, and it is to be sincerely hoped that ere long all the inhabitants of that section will come to believe that God is a being whom they may *safely* imitate—a God who does not burn his enemies, but loves them with an unchanging love. By inserting the following appointments you will confer a favor. [For appointments see religious notices.]

Yours affectionately, JAMES MACLAURIN.

Haverstraw, June 2d, 1834.

The Southern Pioneer of the 15th ult. announces another new preacher in the final reconciliation, by the name of Timothy Mason. He resides in Baltimore.

Married,

In Montrose, Pa. on the 28th ult. Rev. ALFRED PECK, and Miss MATILDA NICHERSON.

In Middletown, Conn. Mr. HIRAM H. HORTON of New York, and Miss ELIZABETH A. SMITH, of the former place.

[Br. I. D. Williamson of Albany has recently been called to part with a very interesting and promising daughter, aged about two years. Subsequently, the following lines appeared in the "Inquirer and Anchor," from the pen of Br. W. Parents who have been called to like trials can deeply sympathize with the afflicted writer.]

A PARENT'S FAREWELL TO HIS CHILD.

Farewell my child! Thy day is o'er,
Thy sweetly prattling voice
Shall greet my listening ear no more,
To bid my heart rejoice.

Farewell my child! Thine eyes are dim
With death's dark filmy vail;
Thy cherub spirit's gone to him
Whose mercies never fail.

Farewell my child! We'll meet again
On deathless Canaan's shore,
Where grief and woe, disease and pain,
Shall never reach us more.

Farewell my child! The parting look
Gives anguish to my heart;
But oh! Thy name is in God's book,
We'll meet and never part.

Farewell my child, once more farewell!
Thy Father in the skies
Calls thee away, with him to dwell,
In bliss that never dies.

I. D. W.

[The following is the *conclusion* of Mr. Fay's "Minute-Book," No 5, from which we have copied for our two last papers. The present extract is in immediate continuation of that given last week.]

And yonder is the Mediterranean: the blue Mediterranean—(it is green enough now)—the sea, sacred to poetry—to history—to song. How finely that shoal of porpoises are rolling and glistening in the sun. The current, which flows forever from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean is urging us gently onward although the sail hangs idly against the mast and the water sleeps unbreathed upon by the air. We have now a new view of the great Rock of England from our stern. You would scarcely recognize in yonder broad figure the tall precipice which frowned on us an hour ago. That extended wall seems less lofty as its long eastern side comes into view. It appears every where defaced and marred and blackened as if with fire, and has a melancholy grandeur, which speaks of destruction as well as of power. As we saw it from the south, it stood like a tall fierce warrior offering his iron shield to the front of war—but this is like an insight into his bosom, and we now seem to see the sadness of his secret thoughts. The two pictures reminded me of Scott's great character of Bois Guilbert at the condemnation of Rebecca—his lance in rest—a champion against the world; while a careful observer may discover that his breast is rent with a frightful chasm, and that his heart is a heap of ruins.

Still on and on we glide. The rugged fortress is melting again into heavenly blue, and the savage Bullones fades in the distance. Visiting Europe through this passage is like entering the gates of some sublime temple rich with classical lore. Already at its threshold I am struck with wonder and with rapture. And those distant blue hills, then, are the shores of proud and melancholy Spain—the land of the inquisition; and behind that opposite range of irregular land is the dwelling-place of the tawney Moors; there the wild Arabs, wandering with their flocks and herds; and the scorched desert spreads beneath the sun, and the leopard and the crocodile, the serpent, the hyena, and the lion prowl, glide and glare and shake the ground with their roar. Well, this has been a day worth remembering. I have sate by the fire-light many a time at home and woven dreams for very wantonness, and no one of them like to-day. But alas! we are not yet on land, for which consummation we are most devoutly anxious. It seems a century since I stumbled through the cotton bales of Pearl-street, or indeed received any intelligence from the earth. As great events always happen during one's absence, heaven only knows the occurrences of the two or three hundred years at which we all compute the period of our voyage across the Atlantic. I am quite curious to learn what nation has possession of Gibralter now—whether Great Britain has paid her debt, and if my native country has yet dissolved the union of the states, and into how many hundred principalities it is now severed!

In the afternoon we spoke the brig Alexandria, Captain Rice, four days out from Malaga, and bound for Alexandria, D. C. The captain politely offered to take our letters, which I trust you duly received. With relieved hearts, therefore, and in high spirits we renewed our gaze upon the surrounding sun-bright scenes of nature, till immagination drooped with her unwonted revels, and we sank to pleasing dreams, actually wearied with pleasure.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Since, then, there is a season when the youthful must cease to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration, to learn to grow old gracefully is, perhaps, one of the rarest and most valuable acts that can be taught to woman. And, it must be confessed it is a most severe trial for those women to lay down their beauty, who have nothing else to take up. It is for this sober season of life that education should lay up its rich resources. However disregarded they may have hitherto been, they will be wanted now. When admirers fall away, and flatterers become mute, the mind will be driven to retire within itself, and and if it finds no entertainment at home, it will be driven back again upon the world with increased force. Yet forgetting this, do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth, when it is to maturer life we ought to advert? Do we not educate for a crowd, forgetting that they are to live at home?—for a crowd, and not for themselves? for show and not for use—for time, and not for eternity?—*Hannah More.*

WOMAN.

There is something very delightful in turning from the unquietness and agitation, the fever, the ambition, the harsh and worldly realities of man's character, to the gentle and deep recesses of woman's more secret heart. Within her musings is a realm of haunted and fairy thought, to which the things of this turbid and and troubled life have no entrance. What to her are the changes of state, the rivalries and contentions which form the staple of our existence? For her there is an intense and fond philosophy, before whose eye substances flit and fade like shadows, and shadows grow glowingly into truth. The soul's creations are not as the moving and mortal images seen in the common day; they are things, like spirits steeped in the dim moonlight, heard when all else are still, and busy when earth's laborers are at rest! Thy are

> ——— "Such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and their little life
> Is rounded by a sleep."

This is the real and uncentered poetry of being, which pervades and surrounds her as with an air—which peoples her visions and animates her love—which shrinks from earth into itself, and finds moral and meditation in all that it beholds within, and which spreads even over the heaven, in whose faith she so ardently believes, the mystery and the tenderness of romance.

THE INSPIRED PAGES.

The faithful and impartial record of the inspired pages, causes the earliest periods of time to roll back for the instruction of these latter times. In a moment we feel ourselves transported into the garden of God and hear his voice whispering amid the trees of Paradise in the cool of the day. We accompany the patriarch from his country and his father's house; we traverse with him, conducted by an invisible hand, the land, "in the length thereof, and in the breadth thereof;" we rest wherever he pitches his tent; we participate his domestic joys and sorrows; and at length we follow him to his long home and see his body deposited in the grave; there to slumber "until the times of the restitution of all things." History snatches from the hand of time, all that is valuable and useful. By her magic pencil the departed visions of ancient days return, and the fathers pass and repass before our eyes, that we may see and admire and imitate their excellencies; that we may abhor and avoid their vices; that we may pity and escape their weaknesses; that our understandings may be enlightened, our judgments established in the truth, and our minds conducted through the lowly and peaceful paths of religion to the eternal temple of God.

PROPOSALS

For publishing in Montgomery, Alabama, a new Religious Journal to be entitled

THE SOUTHERN EVANGELIST.

This paper, as its name imports, will be the messenger of "good tidings." It will be the advocate of that system of religious faith which acknowledges God as the *impartial* friend and *Father* of all men, and hence the necessary inference that all his offspring will finally be happy in his glorious presence. It will also be the uncompromising foe of all *partial*, mangrieving, God-dishonoring "creeds and confessions," and of every scheme or device which has for its object the thraldom of a generous people to the unhallowed control of a few "Lords spiritual." It will expose error—"bring to light the hidden things of darkness,"—defend the *truth* as witnessed by Christ, the Prophets and Apostles, and, in the language of an illustrious statesman, proclaim "eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

By the Universalists of the Southern States especially, will the Evangelist be found a stedfast friend and prompt "defender of the faith they rejoice in believing." The Editor is a native of the South, and will aim to make his periodical worthy of the generous support of all the friends of Liberal Christianity from the Carolinas to Louisiana. The patronage of such is therefore respectfully solicited.

TERMS.

The Southern Evangelist will be published monthly on a royal sheet, octavo form, (making a volume in the year of near 200 large pages,) at $1 per annum in advance, or $1 50 at the end of the year. The right is reserved of publishing semi-monthly, if the patronage will justify it, at a corresponding increase in price. The usual discount allowed to agents.—Letters (post paid) to be addressed to

L. F. W. Andrews, Montgomery, Ala.

April, 1834.

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

The Sermon of Br. Williamson, published in our last, may be had in pamphlet form at this office—25 cts per doz.

Beauties of Aminio-Calvinism.

Just published and for sale at this office, a neat 18 mo. pamphlet of 36 closely printed pages, entitled, "*The Beauties of Arminio-Calvinism; or, the story of Deacon Caleb Comfort, to which is added the vision of Deacon Peter Pious.*" This pamphlet comprises the five articles which have recently appeared in the columns of the Messenger, under the head *Five chapters on Partialism*, and are designed to exhibit the change which has come over the Presbyterian denomination within a few years. Price $4 per 100, or 6 cents single.

P. PRICE, PRINTER,
Nos. 2 and 3 Marble Building, Chatham-Square.